# AN EPIDEMIC

Threatened the City of Washington From Unabated Nuisances.

## HEALTH BOARD'S NEGLIGENCE

**Cases Cited Wherein Dr. Woodward, the Health Officer of the City, Failed in His Sworn Duty—Fever Spreading From Sewage in Cellars—The Police Judge's Unprecedented Action.**

Judge Shoemaker Kimball's midsummer postponement of a pest-breeding nuisance at Ninth and E streets N. W., has paralyzed the Board of Health! Dr. Woodard, the health officer, says he can not move towards its abatement until this modern Doggbery decides the case, as to who is responsible for the said pest-breeder. The Globe ventures to state that there is not a newspaper in any city in the entire country can be gotten to absolutely believe this statement of facts outside the Washington newspapers, of course, as they are cognizant of the state of affairs, but for reasons best known to their counting-rooms, maintain a discreet silence. The idea that a nuisance such as has been described in these columns should be permitted to continue the whole of this hot summer and then, when finally brought into court by the health office postponed for 30 days, is discounting on the one hand Shakespeare's caricature of justice as personified by the immortal Doggbery, and on the other stamps the Board of Health of Washington as the most inefficient and imbecile in the whole United States.

Will even the citizens of Washington believe that since last spring a broken sewer on Dr. Porter's premises, Ninth and E streets, has been permitted to continue discharging its contents into the adjoining cellars to the depth of from *fifteen inches to two feet*? That those cellars have people living over them in the rooms above, and that even census branch office employes have to work in one of the buildings so affected? And yet these are facts, as demonstrated in the police court and as has been called to the attention of Dr. Woodard, the health officer of the city of Washington, for the past three months!

It took the Health Office *two months* to move and get the case in the police court, and the judge (?) of that dread tribunal, Kimble by name and shoemaker by trade, postponed his decision in the matter 30 days and then left the city for some mountain or seaside resort on a vacation!

Filth—human excrement flows on the surface of half a dozen cellars from Dr. Porter's broken sewer, who is, as his card published in The Globe shows, living at present by the sea or lakeside in the Province of Quebec, Canada, his native country, while citizens of Washington, householders and residents, are compelled to endure the horrible stench arising from the nuisance mentioned. Dr. Porter is aware of the condition of his premises, and in writing to a friend, says:

"I put that sewer in *thirty years ago*, and if it is broken it ought to be repaired. I have notified Mr. Savage, the tenant on the premises, to do so."

But, Dr. Porter ought to know that his 30-year-old sewer needs not repairing—as it is beyond that—but renewing. Does he expect Mr. Savage to put in a new sewer? After awhile the landlords of Washington will expect tenants to erect houses and pay rent for them. Under the outrageous landlord and tenant law existing, there seems to be no way in which an owner can be prevented from endangering the public health by maintaing a pest-breeding nuisance such as exists at Ninth and E streets.

It is impossible to decently print a description of this filthy and dangerous nuisance. That it is a menace to health even a coolie Chinaman instinctively knows, and why an educated physician, acquainted with sanitary science if not proficient in it, like Dr. Woodard, should permit it to exist one day is as marvelous as the patience of Washingtonians in living under such an irresponsible local government as at present afflicts the capital city of the nation.

Dr. Woodard knows that he does not need to wait on Judge Shoemaker Kimball's decision to abate a nuisance dangerous to the public health. He has the authority to proceed at once, and at any expense, to suppress a pest-breeding nuisance such as this Ninth and E open sewer affair.

But Dr. Woodard will not even abate nuisances which even Judge Kimball knows nothing about, and has not postponed. The Globe cites the doctor to the following facts:

D. A. Sandford, a property holder and taxpayer has been reporting at the Board of Health a nuisance at 1210 D street, near the Postoffice building. This nuisance is of such a character that Mr. Sandford has been forced to put in a pump in his cellar to pump the excremental fluid and water which seeps in from adjoining premises.

There is a hole in Mr. Sandford's cellar over three feet in depth, rooted out by this fluid, and in this hole he has had erected a pump!

Mr. Sandford spends the greater portion of his valuable time running to the Health Department and soliciting the officials to abate this nuisance. Inspectors are occasionally sent to inspect the place and report. This is as far as Dr. Woodard has gotten towards abating the dangerous nuisance at 1210 D street.

At Ninth and E streets he hides behind the postponement granted by Judge Kimball, but at 1210 D street he has no such flimsy excuse, hence he sends an inspector. One of these inspectors was sent there about two week ago, and he, being a conscientious man, made a truthful report. Immediate abatement was promised, and Mr. Sandford, notwithstanding his experience with the Health Office, took stock in these assurances. But the officials are only playing with him. The nuisance still exists and the pump is still pumping out in the gutter the fluid excrement and water from the cellar of 1210 D street, no attempt whatever having been made by Dr. Woodard towards its abatement.

The Health Department recently issued a statement touching the health of the city, and it had the impudence to refer with pride to its excellent condition. The report, however, contained the damning admission of a large number of what it pleased to call malarial fever cases. No wonder the "fever" was prevalent and pervades all sections of the city, for there is hardly a day passes that The Globe does not receive a letter or postal card complaining of the neglect of the authorities either about garbage, swill, dead animals, or surface nuisances, caused by broken sewers.

If an epidemic of fever breaks out—and the cases are rapidly multiplying—the Health Department will be as morally responsible for the deaths that may occur as though it deliberately scattered the seeds of the fever by the hands of its inspectors or sanitary officers.

---

The Carolina Brights are pure and unadulterated.

---

## TWO SUCCESSFUL WOMEN.

The Sisters Zerlina and Laura Rosenfield of New York.

When we read of noted women artists and poets and novelists like Rosa Bonheur, Mrs. Browning, and George Elliott, it is apt to be discouraging, because one can but realize that geniuses are born not made. But the career of these sisters, Misses Zerlina and Laura Rosenfield is an inspiration to any girl with pluck and a desire to prepare herself for independence.

Without other capital than grit, brains, and enthusiasm in their work, these clever, wideawake young women have succeded in building up the largest stenographic concern of its kind in existence. Ten years ago their prospects were not better than those of the average stenographer entering the profession. Each hired a typewriting machine and paid for desk room in work. To-day they have five of the finest and best equipped typewriting and stenographic offices in New York, where from 30 to 40 assistants are kept busy.

Zerlina Rosenfield presides over the central office on Broadway, where an incredible amount of work in the form of business letters, foreign and English, legal work, translations, commercial balance sheets, requiring great accuracy, is each day handled. Laura Rosenfield has charge of the three uptown offices.

Miss Rosenfield, founder of the business, said emphatically: "It is a fine field for girls, but as in any business, success depends upon the ability and concentration of the worker. A stenographer should be thoroughly equipped for her work. The first requisite is a good education. It does not matter how many words a minute she can take," or how rapidly she can manipulate the machine; if she has not a good knowledge of the English language, of grammar, spelling and punctuation, she will be comparatively valueless as a stenographer. The next essentials are courtesy and a cheerful disposition, not ruffled by even the most trying conditions. If a girl were undecided about her profession, provided she were well educated, Miss Rosenfield says she would not hesitate to advise her to take up this work.

The Misses Rosenfield are exceptionally bright, clever, attractive young women; yet it is beyond question that in spite of the overcrowding of the ranks of stenographers, there is room for the girl who has sufficient energy and perseverance to climb.

---

Carolina Brights are absolutely pure.

---

## EVANS' ORDERS

Results in the Shockingly Brutal Treatment of an Old Soldier.

George E. Wagaman, who is a sergeant of the watch of the Pension Bureau building, says he has instructions not to allow old soldiers who call on matters of business relating to their pension claims, who are in any way under the influence of liquor, to enter the presence of Chief Clerk Bayley, or the offices of Mr. Evans or his deputies. So, on Thursday morning, August 22, 1901, an old soldier from the great West, who called in person in answer to an office call for his postoffice address, was, in accordance with the official instructions, grabbed from the rear by an underling and rushed to the F street entrance and thrown bodily out of the door, head foremost, on to the concrete sidewalk, lacerating the whole left side of the old soldier's face, causing it to bleed copiously, the same having to be dressed with court-plaster before the blood ceased flowing. The whole thing was outrageous and brutal in the extreme, the old soldier already being a cripple from wounds received in an honorable military service in the days when the country needed just such men.

In the name of our good Lord, who is Evans, and why is he hung like a millstone about the necks of brave men—the ex-soldiers?

---

Carolina Brights are not made by a Trust.

---

**A Promise.**

"I understand that there is going to be a reorganization over in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing."

"What is the trouble?"

Oh! a scandal of huge proportions which they are trying to smother and which they can not, as too many know it. You will have it for Sunday next all right," and our informant winked his eye as he stepped into the restaurant.

---

Carolina Brights are winners.

---

**Road to Ruin.**

The Academy of Music opens Monday, August 26th, with the "Road to Ruin." It is a play for all classes. It shows you how the world lives and every scene is true to life, depicting the pleasures, misery and crime in the Tenderloin, the greatest thoroughfare in the world. The management will also give an exact reproduction of The Fayne Moore Badger Game, which created such a furour in New York City last year.

---

Carolina Brights are not made by a Trust.

---

**Baseball.**

The Eastern Buds are matched for a game with the Maroons at American League Park next Thursday. It is hoped the buds will blossom in this case and show their friends that they have in them the right kind of metal. Tickets 15 cents. No extra charge for ladies to the Grand Stand. Gentlemen, 10 cents.

---

Carolina Brights are mild and fragrant.

# COL. JOHN MOSEBY.

Another Chapter on This Famous Man.

## A CLASSICAL SCHOLAR

**And a Soldier of the School of Napoleon and Ceazar and One of the Greatest Generals of Modern Times—His Exploits in the Field and His Charming Personality—The President His Admirer and Firm Friend.**

Col. John S. Mosby, who was recently appointed special agent of the General Land Office—at the request of President McKinley himself, it is said—will be assigned to a Western district which will include Minnesota and Nebraska.

Perhaps there was never a better illustration of the typical young American than John S. Mosby was in 1861 when, in his 28th year, he enlisted as a private under Gen. Joseph E. Johnson. It is impossible for anyone who knows the type and knows Mosby from his record and and his writing to mistake him. He was full of Byron and Scott Campbell, Shakespeare and the writers whose genius perpetuates the romance of the middle ages to our own times—to our lasting detriment as Mark Twain insists, though he has no great following in his view that if all Scott's novels had been burned in ten years after they were written we might have got over the nineteenth century in America with little or no expenditure of gunpowder.

Mosby had not been so very long away from University of Virginia when the war began. He was a young lawyer who had just begun to attempt practice, but though he had studied law under the favorable conditions if retirement which followed a "personal difficulty" with a fellow student at the university, law influences his descriptions of his campaigning much less than his reading of the English classics. He can quote Jomini and Julius Cæsar offhand on the art of war. When he was leading his handful of partisans in Virginia he had Napoleon's maxims in mind and he can not attempt to make a point of his own without having it suggest an illustration from Moliere, Horace or some other poet in or out of the way of the common reader. But it is easy to see that the substratum for all this is the boy's reading of the English romantic poets and novelist—chiefly of Byron and Scott.

For most of them were men of the type he himself represented—a type which Maj. John N. Edwards best illustrated in the West. Some of them were farmers, more or less illiterate, it is true, but the better part of them stepped into the war out of Walter Scott's novels. One of them whom Mosby admired more, perhaps, than the rest, was a theological student who was about to graduate into a Presbyterian minister when he reacted into a medieval knight, and girded on a flashing sword with Mosby—a sword which Mosby would not allow him to use on the ground that it was a mere medieval plaything. This theory of the use of the saber illustrates the blending of the practical and the romantic which made the young partisans famous at a time most men have hardly made up their minds what to attempt.

He saw that while the blades of a column of cavalry looked sublime as they flashed in the sun they would not reach the ten feet beyond the horse's ears, which for a revolver bullet fired by a man who knows how to use the pistol, means certainty. And certainty was what he looked for and almost invariably found. He did not assume that his own men were superior to those he had to meet as armies except perhaps that they were more at home on their horses. The horse, however, was at best an uncertain quantity, for when Mosby himself had just entered the cavalry his horse attempted the impossible feat of jumping over a cow lying down in the road. The result was that horse and rider were thrown together, and Mosby falling under the horse, was as nearly killed as he ever was afterwards during his four-years' service—though at another time when he was leading a charge his horse took the bit, carried him alone into the Federal ranks, and after running through them, kept on until he was in sight of another force, coming up to the assistance of those who had been first attacked. Here Mosby took the only chance he had to escape being killed or captured by throwing himself off the runaway animal while he was going at full speed. He not only knew the uncertainty of the best horses but the best men, and his whole system was based on this knowledge. It was as simple as it was effective. When he was surrounded and outnumbered by the Federal cavalry, which was kept constantly pursuing him, he relied on a sudden counterattack which brought him to close quarters with the revolver to confuse them and to open his way out. "The unexpected and the navy six," was the logic of the successes which so surprised both his friends and his enemies when he won them against superior forces of the best Federal cavalry, which, as he himself thinks, would have captured him over and over again if they had used the same tactics.

Generally, however, they relied on the saber, and often drew up in close order with their swords drawn to cut him off from his only way out—receiving thus at a standstill the impetus of his attack at a gallop and of his revolver fire at close range. Perhaps as close a place as he was ever in was at Miskel's farm, near Fairfax court-house. He had camped in the farmyard at midnight. He himself was asleep with his saddle for a pillow and his men were sleeping on the hay in the barn, with their horses unsaddled in the barnyard. Just at daybreak they were suddenly attacked by a squadron of Federal cavalry, led by Captain Flint, who, in order to surround them completely, divided his force, sending half of it to the rear. What to most men would have seemed the necessity for surrender appeared to Mosby the opportunity for escape. He determined to make his usual counterattack on the force in front and let the rear take care of itself. The fight was in full view of the Federal forces on the opposite bank of the Potomac, who could see all that was taking place though they could not cross to take part in it. They cheered Captain Flint loudly as he led the charge on Mosby's men cooped in the barnyard, with their horses unsaddled and their whole force in seeming confusion. Mosby himself had no time to mount, but he threw the gate open and advanced on foot, ordering his men to mount and follow.

The first one who overtook him dismounted and gave him his horse, and he soon had most of his company behind him. The Federal troops used only their sabers, which Mosby says were as useless against the revolver "as the wooden swords of harlequins." They broke in confusion and scattered, leaving Mosby to turn on the party which had come up to attack his rear. They had ridden at the barnyard, and when he made his counter-attack they were jammed in the gate and could offer no effective resistance. One of the best-laid plans for his capture was thus a failure.

In writing of his own exploits, he is always dignified in his suppressions. He is readier to tell of his successful retreats than of his greatest triumphs. Thus he leaves to the official report, the story of how in 1863, with only 29 men, he entered the Federal lines, attacked General Stoughton's headquarters at Fairfax court-house and captured the general himself. He does tell, however, with evident relish for the humor of the proceedings, that he once rode so close to Washington that he was in sight of the capitol.

Meeting a market woman going to the city, he cut off a lock of his hair and sent it by her to President Lincoln with his compliments, and with the hope that he would soon be able to secure one of the President's own in return. He watched the Washington papers next morning and saw that the message and the lock of hair had been duly delivered. President Lincoln, who always saw the point of a joke, laughed when he was told who sent him the souvenir. But he sent more troops to keep Mosby out of sight of the capitol.